

FORM "XFTXTTCPP B TCPH F CHRS
 TCPH F CHRS He Tells Me; I Tell Him F
 CHRS 1 Now just
 listen to me a minute. I was in Exton at the library there and they
 had this display there, old letters and documents, you know? This
 one's in brown ink on brown paper if you can picture it, and pretty
 fuckin impossible to read but I stick at it. Now listen up, I don't
 care how many fuckin degrees you got. This poor bastard is asking for
 a pedlar's license 'cause his gun "burst" and blew his arm to shit.
 Can you imagine the horrible pain of that? But it fuckin destroyed
 me. His gun >Pburst<@! I love it. this historical society lady
 goes "It may have been proper at the time." I says "You just missed
 another boat, lady." I mean like who gives a fuck, right? She ices
 away into the stacks which is what she could use more of in the
 whatchacallit, singular, and anyway there's another chance for adultery
 in the cultural suburbs lost, like more's the shitty, flat-chested
 pity. So anyway fuck her my fuckin mind is seized! I see the little
 ungrammatical old-timey prick, the one arm hanging down. And
 he's...coming up this lane with all this shit to sell...to a farm...
 I'm getting to the fuckin point you fuckin snob! I learn by
 talking but you don't learn! Ideas not images? That's your fuckin
 problem--just one. So there he was, and is, coming down that lane
 with all the rattling of the wagon. And like exPLOsions of dust!"
 And here's the farmer's wife like the bottom of a V coming at him with
 the kids trailing down both arms of it in all of that dust like a
 brilliant cloud, and they're crying and fussy and falling--every
 fuckin thing. And what's she see? She sees this copper pot
 glimmering there and it's sturdy and'll last fuckin forever, but then
 she sees this real light fabric for a dress and it sort of drifts
 there. And then the more she runs the more it kinda...>Pflows<@ at
 her, you know? Shit, she thinks, I know I should buy the pot. And
 the brats paddling and paddling behind and pissing the blues so how's
 she even gonna think in all of that? Yeah, that's all. If you got
 any fuckin brains you know when a story should end. They give
 refunds?...all these colleges you went to? You figure it out. It
 aint a fuckin AEsop's fable. I'm notsay another word. F
 CHRS ... F CHRS t Well now I gotta. I
 didn't but I gotta. You better not get I'll tell you that. You won't
 know if you're getting the real thing or a wrinkle. It's only that
 only those who have been >Preally really crazed<@sell to the rest of
 us...and with us being dinged enough to know what it's all about. Hey!
 Buying and Selling it's human activity! I mean it's as deep as any
 fuckin thing you can think of, man! It's not like most of the shit you
 see around here, people fuckin sleep-walking with credit cards and not
 even knowing what the fuck they're buying or what for. It's deep shit I
 tell you. F
 CHRS 2 TCPH F CHRS W The pines sort of
 lean-y, like they been at it forever. And, the sea. There's light
 here and there and it's, like making parts of the water look thinner.
 I'm twenty so what the fuck do I know?...sand and patchy grass
 under...trees, and it's hard to even call them trees 'cause each one
 just got a branch or two sort of floating there. I tell you I still
 fuckin remember it. The point? Oh yeah the point! Shit! I couldn't
 forget that! This'll destroy you: It was a Japanese print before I
 everone in my life! Yeah well I'm gonna go on. It's not screwing

some little airhead that makes a man out of you, and laying on your phony college shit--for all of which you ought to be ashamed of and I should tell your mother about it too--it's drinking in every fuckin thing you can and thinking about it so you can't go to sleep cause your mind gets to be burning up! With everything, with this scene in Japan and everything else in the whole fuckin world. I know it's probably bullshit, but like with Newton and the apple? I mean how many people had been conked on the head with apples. But he puts it together. You gotta get it in >Phere>@, the head, every fuckin thing in >Phere>@ you can, so you can put something together. No, not put together the apple, sarcastic wimp, though Wallace Steven wrote about putting a pineapple together. Yeah well you should be impressed 'cause I read everything I can get my hands on. Yeah? Well fuck this >Pyou don't digest it. >@I'll do that ten years from now. Right now it's Read, Baby, Read! Hey it's a TV nation with shit-for-brains couch potatos. And that's who'll be calling the shots--if you haven't had your chill for today. Well it aint, and it aint a sermon neither, and you'd be fuckin wiser if you went once in while anyways. They hook back a couple of thousand years almost. That says something. Shit no, even longer when you think that religion is a continuum back to the fuckin caveman! What does the painter do? He makes a picture. Is it therehe does? 'Cause he doesn't make the same picture that's there. He makes another one. But he makes the same picture too. It fuckin destroys me. So I pick up this Galway record, Sam Goody's. Two bucks 'cause the punk kids with the orange and blue hair, and the polyester assholes from Kodak and DuPont don't want it. They're like you: they know everything already. Anyway, it aint fuckin "career enhancing" or some such shit. Like the garbage in Daltons: HOW TO FUCK YOUR NEIGHBOR OUT OF EVERYTHING HE HAS AND GET RICH IN THE PROCESS. Hey I go to B. Daltons when they got a tableful of Penguins or something, something nobody wants--aint career fuckin enhancing or something. I got this British thing by Laurie Lee about walking out some evening or something like that. Blake is that? What do I know? Like he leaves home a kid and plays the fiddle for pennies and gets to London and works in construction, the greasy bottom rung of that class system that's so admired here, and he gets a hardon for all the shop girls and at his age who can blame him? And then he goes "I went to Spain 'cause I knew how to say please give me a drink of water" and that's the kind of balls >Pyou>@ need! Yeah it's a sentence. I talk in sentences. I talk in prose. I tell you I'm really something. Anyway this record's called >PTurn of the Century Japanese Folk Melodies>@ and I put it on in my room of clutter and filth and I gotta quart of Yinglings in my fat fist and I listen, and I'm back in that grove in front of that hotel used to be for Royal Japanese Navy and all the maids are giggling and then I'm thinking. I mean >Pthen>@ back in my room in West Chester 'cause when I was twenty back there in Japan I didn't think at all 'cause my brain flowed down into my cock.

Anyways, I see this farmer walking through there, through that grove, long long before anything like hotels or world wars or anything like that and he's humming one of those tunes that Galway plays on his flute, you know? And I mean he's playing back then and he's playing when I was twenty, Galway is, and he's playing back in my room and he's fuckin playing right now! Digest that, faggot! 'Cause it's >Part>@ and art is then and now and fuckin forever! And now, right this second as you sit there scratching your nuts I got this painter

going there in my mind, and there's no more war or anything, and he's finished his coffee so he can just think about painting the sea and trees in front of that hotel, you know? I tell you, Frank, you're gonna die if you don't just let your mind blow up! Just let it fuckin blow up I tell you!frosts your balls! All these PhDs--capons! Parasites!fuckin-sites! So this painter, what's he gonna paint? He's gonna paint light. That's what he works in. And it's gonna be light like it's there and light like it aint, and and and and all together.mean I'm talking about art, man! And it don't make any difference anymore about all the freakin pain and the war and the horrible goddamn heartbreak. Not with him. Not there. 'Cause there's something fuckin spiritual with that artist there in that grove...and in the whole world if you can only get your fuckin hands into it!

>P What I told Lou then was to tell the composer at Auschwitz and the dancer at Hiroshima all of his fine ideas.>@ TCFF TCPH

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